

# NEW YORK JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1897.

**BEMIS ON CANTOR'S BILL.** When the Miscellaneous Corporations Committee of the upper house of the New York State Legislature takes up the Cantor-Lalmeber Gas bill for discussion to-day, expert testimony in behalf of that measure will be given by Professor Edward W. Bemis, who has gone to Albany, upon the invitation of the Journal, to answer such questions as may be asked by the members of the committee concerning the practical application of this legislative measure looking to the reduction in the price of gas, and the protection of the interests of the people as against the interests of the monopolies which control the public supplies of light and heat.

Professor Bemis is one of the ablest as he is one of the best known specialists in certain branches of political economy and sociology in the United States. Professor of political and economical science at Vanderbilt University for several years, and later associate professor of political economy in the University of Chicago, Professor Bemis has long been known as one of the highest living authorities upon questions touching the relations of municipalities to gas light and street railway companies. His opposition to the Chicago Gas Trust, of which John D. Rockefeller was at that time a ruling spirit, while he occupied a chair in the University of Chicago, resulted in his removal from the circle of the faculty of that institution.

Professor Bemis has made a life study of gas manufacture and gas supply, as affecting the interests of municipalities, and his testimony in behalf of Senator Cantor's measure will be most valuable because it will carry the weight of acknowledged scientific authority. Since the receipt of the Journal's invitation Professor Bemis has made an exhaustive study of the Cantor-Lalmeber bill, and his opinion of it in detail appears in another column of to-day's issue of the Journal. He considers it a conservative measure, and particularly applauds that feature which comprehends municipal supervision of the gas companies. His declaration that \$1 per thousand feet not only gives ample remuneration to the manufacturers of illuminating gas, but also affords a sufficient protective margin to "the innocent purchasers of watered stock" in the gas companies, has ample corroboration in the annual statements of the officials of the municipal gas works in Birmingham, Glasgow and other great cities in the United Kingdom.

Professor Bemis declares from a wealth of special information that there is no danger of the displacement of gas by electricity within the limits of the near future, but that, on the contrary, the consumption of gas per capita in the large cities is steadily increasing, and that so far as fuel gas is concerned, at any rate, the increase is likely to be steady for a long time to come. The municipal ownership of gas works, Professor Bemis argues, should and may come in time—when American cities have eradicated all traces of the spoils system from their civic governments. Meantime the Cantor-Lalmeber measure, looking to such degree of municipal supervision as may protect the interests of the public, and regulating the prices and the quality of the gas supplied by the private corporations, is a step toward that rational and proper condition.

Professor Bemis's approval and advocacy of Senator Cantor's bill should secure its favorable report at the hands of the Miscellaneous Corporations Committee. There is no other man in America so well equipped as he for the discussion of the questions involved.

## THE GOOD ROADS BILL.

The introduction into the Legislature of a bill providing for a uniform system of good roads throughout the State by Senator Higbie is a boon long expected, and will now be heartily applauded by all who have the public welfare at heart.

The legislation proposed provides for a Board of State Highway Commissioners, one of whom shall be a civil engineer. This Board's duty will be to meet at least once a year in each county, and make special recommendations for that county, furnishing plans and directions and designating what specific road improvements shall receive State assistance. It is to be left to each county to decide whether it will act on the recommendations of the Commission. All roads built under the State authority shall be planned after the best scientific methods—Macadam, Telford or similar system—and may not be less than eight or more than sixteen feet wide. The tax provided in the bill will raise \$400,000 annually and levy a State tax of one-tenth of a mill. The State divides the cost of construction with the county, and all the operations of road building are to be supervised by the engineering authorities of the Board directly, or by appointment of deputies.

Whether this bill in its present form covers all the needed ground is as yet scarcely evident, but it is an important move in the right direction. The progress of the aspiration for good roads owes much to the universal bicycle passion. Perhaps we should not have advanced so far toward an attainable goal had it not been for the enthusiasm of the wheelmen. But the overwhelmingly important reasons for such a bill lie in the agricultural interests of the State.

It has been estimated by expert authorities that a uniform system of good roads would add twenty-five per cent to the taxable value of rural property throughout New York. The tendency toward the abandonment of farms is not confined to New England, but also infects this great commonwealth, as well as New Jersey and Pennsylvania. It is most important to turn the tide the other way. The prosperity of the farmer lies at the bottom of the whole national fabric. There is every reason to believe that good roads would go far in effecting a desirable revolution by multiplying inducements to the career of agriculturists. The vastly increased economy and facility of haulage to shipping points and the increased pleasures of country life which would be the outcome of good roads would remove two of the most potent causes of the decadence of farming. Most of all, it would stimulate the interest of young men in agricultural pursuits by making these something more than mere Gragland drudgery.

## APPROPOS OF PUBLIC NUISANCES.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Health Protective Association held on Tuesday last Theodore Roosevelt made an address on "Spitters and Spitting." He is quoted as saying: "The only way to convince some kinds of human swine of their indecency is to punish some other human swine." In a climate like this, where coughs and colds abound, where a very large percentage of the whole population suffers from acute or chronic catarrhal inflammation of some portion of the air passages, expectoration is a necessity. To call all such persons human swine is to offer a gratuitous insult to a large class of the community. The man who makes such a sweeping statement writes himself down as belonging to another species of the lower animals, known as the ass.

When the mucous membrane of the eye, for instance, is inflamed or irritated there is an increased flow of secre-

tion, and it escapes over the cheek in the form of tears. And when the mucous membrane of the air passages is inflamed, or the salivary glands are irritated, there is also an increase of their secretions, and it must be gotten rid of by expectoration. Mr. Roosevelt is apparently not aware of these simple physiological facts. If he was he might not characterize these unfortunates as swine.

There is little danger to the public health from persons expectorating on the street or in street cars so long as the expectorated matter is free from tubercle bacilli. Persons who have tuberculosis should be taught to use a "spit cup" at all times and destroy their expectoration. This is perhaps impracticable, but not more so than to prevent all people from expectorating. There is one sane thing the Board of Health, of which Mr. Roosevelt is a member, might do. That is to pass an ordinance and compel all hotels, clubs, saloons, etc., to thoroughly clean their spittoons every day, and place in them each morning a proper amount of some germicidal solution which would destroy the tubercle bacilli within a few minutes after they had been deposited.

Sporadic and hysterical efforts, such as the Board of Health has been making of late, calling hard names and insulting the public, as Mr. Roosevelt is reported to have done in his address to the Ladies' Health Protective Association, are not going to suppress tuberculosis or any other communicable disease.

Expectoration in public places is in most instances not at all detrimental to the public health. It is doubtless unesthetic, and properly revolting to most persons. But there are other annoyances. There is Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, who is making a large part of this community very tired.

## FACTS ABOUT MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

Statistics are so often misleading, even when honestly collected and fairly presented, that the country will not build much faith upon the investigation into the question of municipal ownership by the Federal and State departments of labor. But whether or not they furnish data comprehensive enough to justify a conclusion drawn from them, they will unquestionably be interesting to all students of the social problem.

It is proposed to obtain information about all municipal monopolies now under municipal control, and to collect facts showing the cost to the consumer of water, gas and electric light when furnished by municipalities in comparison with the cost when furnished by private enterprise. Work in this direction has begun, and it is expected to be completed within a few months, when a report will be made to Congress.

Whatever may be the result of this investigation, the investigation itself is important as a sign of the times. It adds force to the many other indications that the day when municipal ownership of municipal monopolies will be the rule instead of the exception is not distant.

## MORALITY AND THE MUSIC HALLS.

It is hard to believe the story that Mayor Strong has been determined by reports made to him by the police to close up some of the music halls of this city. The story has it that the police, those austere and righteous guardians of the public morals, have been visiting all places of amusement lately, have been uniformly shocked by what they saw there, and have told the Mayor that the general tendency of "every one" of the entertainments given in such resorts is toward immorality. Therefore the Mayor, accepting these reports as final, and evidently deeming himself not judge enough of these matters to go behind them even to the extent of personal inspection, covertly threatens that when the music halls desire their licenses renewed the desire will be defeated.

This is all very well. But if this police supervision of public entertainment is to become a feature of metropolitan life, why should the bluecoats' moral functions stop at the music halls? Let them be extended. Let the police be detailed to visit the theatres. Let them sit through a performance of "Cymbeline," for instance, and then let the Mayor understand the truth, that it is a play largely flavored with immorality. That should be enough to close the theatre where "Cymbeline" is being played. Let them visit the opera the next time "Faust" is sung, and tell the Mayor that, as the performance turns upon unchastity and the baser passions, the license of the Metropolitan Opera House should be revoked. Let them go to hear Mr. Moody mention the devil and hell, and conclude that Carnegie Hall has an evil influence upon public morals by familiarizing the young with terms often used in profane swearing. Let them make a tour of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the private art galleries of this town, and insist upon their destruction on the ground, already provided by Mr. Moody, that the paintings and statuary in these places are lubricious and perverting. Let them attend the Bradley Martin ball and have the Waldorf shut up because it will have contained a number of women who, it is said, have shoulders.

There is evidently a wide field of usefulness for the police acting in the capacity of public censors. They would like to occupy it, for nothing is more agreeable to high-minded, virtuous and sensitive men like those of whom the police force is composed than to be shocked by alluring immorality; and they would also be provided with an excellent excuse for their failure to perform the duty with which they are charged and for which they were originally designed—to preserve the public peace and arrest malefactors. On the other hand, the public would welcome the assumption of these functions by the police, for if there is anything New York craves it is to be made more nearly to resemble such quiet and moral communities as Bethlehem, N. H., and Saccarappa, Me.

That Parkersburg bank official who ditched \$48,000 from the institution which had trusted him is to be discharged. It is fortunate for him that he was not detected in the act of stealing food for a starving family.

The employees of the street railways at Toledo, Ohio, have received their first instalment of the return of prosperity in the shape of a notification of a 10 per cent reduction in their wages. Toledo is but a short distance from Canton.

Tom Reed is said to be taking extraordinary pains to ascertain just what the incoming Administration wants in the way of legislation. Later on he will be every bit as careful in seeing that it doesn't get it.

There appears to be a determined intention on the part of the Delaware people to make Mr. Addicks' outness permanent.

After the Lou Payn appointment Governor Black can be depended upon to carry out all his contracts with His Eastness.

Mr. Tom Platt will be sure to be thoughtful enough to congratulate Mr. Lou Payn on the latter's surprise.

Hon. Lyman Gage's advent in public life is accompanied by a long retinue of denials and repudiations.

Governor Black's present attitude is of the what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it variety.

It appears that Hon. Lyman J. Gage has been interviewed by the Schlapprell reporter.

## A Moment with the Chappies.

Jack Astor is a man of taste. He proved this when he chose Miss Willing, of Philadelphia, for his wife. He gave fresh evidence of it when he selected Miss Alice Castleman, of Louisville, as the belle of the Charity Ball.

Jack may be a bit lacking in the art of wearing a uniform, and he may not be quite up to the mark in sailing a yacht, but when it comes to picking out pretty women, he stands at the head of the class. Miss Castleman, whom all the chappies and chappiesettes were talking about yesterday, is a Kentucky beauty and didn't need Colonel Astor's approval to make her a belle. She was that already, and among men who pride themselves that they are the best judges of women, whiskey and race horses in the world.

Miss Castleman, therefore, accepted Colonel Astor's tribute to her loveliness very graciously, but as a matter of course. In her veins flows the blood of the Castleman and Breckenridges of Kentucky; she is the best equestrian in her native State; she is a capital whip; she doesn't scorn the wheel, and she is famous for her skill at golf and tennis.

Add to this the fact that she made her debut only last Winter and you can readily see why it is that she might regard Colonel Astor's choice merely as a matter of course. Chappies are unanimous in the hope that Miss Alice Castleman may remain in New York yet a little longer. It is anxious to see so famous a beauty and so beautiful a woman.

For a long time I've been wondering why Addison Cammack, with his large fortune and his pretty wife, should keep on playing the bear in Wall Street.

I've watched him closely at the opera this season, and every time he struggled into his great coat, as the last strains of the orchestra died away, I've said to myself: "If I were you, old chap, I'd draw out of the game and let Wall Street go to the devil."

And now Cammack has done that very thing. The biggest and boldest bear in Wall Street has retired from active operations in that field where so many lambs have gasped their last, in his close embrace, and will spend the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of a hard-earned fortune and the delights of a beaute domesticity.

All the real old boys in town are giving Addison the glad hand, while they congratulate Mrs. Cammack on so complete a victory over her only rival, Wall Street.

What's the matter with these Pell people, that they should be kicking up such a row over the fact that one of their daughters is going into the millinery business?

Isn't it the proper thing to go into trade nowadays?

If Havelius Lowndes Cottenet can sell flowers and Duncan Elliott's sisters can keep a lodging house, and Mrs. Lowery and Miss Willminger can serve tea and crumpets, surely Miss Pell may be permitted to trim and sell bonnets for a living in order to support herself and child.

If the Pells are sincere in the belief that trade will hurt the name of Pell, why don't they fix it so that this young woman needn't work to keep the wolf from the door?

People don't go into trade for fun. If the proud spirit of the Pell family must needs be preserved from the insult of having its name pasted in other people's hats, why don't some haughty representative of the family—Auricle Pell, for instance—start a Pell subscription to keep this particular Pell out of the bonnet business?

Very few people know that Jack Astor numbers journalism among his many accomplishments. He is the chief stockholder in the Rider and Driver, and takes the liveliest interest in the conduct of that publication.

But Jack is a generous editor. Although the Rider and Driver is devoted to horses and horsemen, he never once pelted the Coaching Club when it pilled him. He did not say even a word derogatory to T. Suffering Teller, whose friends wouldn't let him into the club. He refrained from using any weapon that was not used against him, and throughout the whole affair conducted himself as a thorough sportsman.

All the chappies I know would not have been so lenient under similar conditions. They would have found a screw loose in somebody's coach, and would have pulled it.

Washington is mightily agitated over the prospect of having Cornelius Vanderbilt in it, if not of it.

Such society as exists there has gathered together its heterogeneous molecules and decided to give the head of the house of Vanderbilt a warm welcome.

Even the Washington newspapers have taken up the subject, and one of them printed a cartoon recently that represented Cornelius as being literally snowed under with invitations from Washingtonians anxious to make his acquaintance.

I have also noticed a tendency in our home publications to credit Mr. Vanderbilt with the purpose of going to Washington in search of social diversion. They should abandon that line of speculation at once. Mr. Vanderbilt is not a freak.

He is going to Washington in search of health, not society.

Even if he were well and went to Washington at this time he would not enter into its giddy social whirl for two excellent reasons. He is in mourning for his mother and he is a strict observer of Lent.

It seems to me that everybody, from the actress with the alleged pink toothy-winkles to the wine agent with the undistinguishable vermilion proboscis, is trying to get an advertisement out of Mrs. Bradley Martin's ball.

What's more, they are doing it. Not as well as the pulp chappies, but they are doing it, just the same.

And yet there are people who are so blind as to claim that Mrs. Martin's fancy function does not benefit humanity!

A dire whisper ran around the clubs last night that "Ulsha" Dyer would not attend the Bradley Martin ball.

It is also said that Chauncey Depew will not lend the glory of his countenance to that fancy function.

Two causes are alleged in explanation of the Peach's prospective absence.

One is that he is going to rest on the laurels won by him when he led the march at the Charity Ball. He feels that the fame of that feat cannot be augmented by showing his feet at the Bradley Martin fete.

The other cause is said to be purely political. The agitation over the Bradley Martin ball may have an influence on the next Presidential election, and Chauncey is unwilling to imperil his chances.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

## THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music.....Straight from the Heart  
American Theatre.....The Great Case  
Bijou.....Courted into Court  
Broadway Theatre.....Shamoo O'Brien  
Metropolitan Opera House.....Grand Opera  
Columbia Theatre.....At Gay Coast Island  
Castro.....An American Beauty  
Eden Theatre.....The Girl from Paris  
Empire Theatre.....Under the Red Robe  
Eldon Theatre.....World in Wax  
Fifth Avenue Theatre.....The Girl from Paris  
Grand Opera House.....Under the Polar Star  
Garrick Theatre.....Second Service  
Gloria Theatre.....Haurice  
Hoyt's Theatre.....A Contented Woman  
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris  
Herald Opera House.....Kluge  
Hibbs's 15th St. Museum.....Vandellie  
Kelt's.....Continuous Performances

THE WEATHER—Partly cloudy weather, with northeasterly winds; stationary temperature.

### An Idiot's Confession.

Some one has said that a special Providence watches over idiots, drunken men and boys. This is true, for I have starred successfully in all three roles in various parts of the inhabited globe.

When quite a boy, with nothing to recommend me, aside from a budding intellect and an appetite, I landed in a Texas town minus friends, money and meals. The keeper of a lively stable offered me an engagement as chambermaid at \$3 per week and board. When not otherwise employed I occupied a box stall next to a red stallion, and devoted the rest of my time giving massage to overheated hack horses with a bit of burlap.

Among the patrons of the stable was a half-breed negro named Wilson, who drove a night hack, paying a stated sum for the nocturnal use of the team and vehicle. The fact that Mr. Wilson had lost the greater part of his nose, bitten off in a scuffle fight with another customer's night hackman, did not predispose me in his favor, but I took great fancy to me.

One evening Wilson frankly said he had never seen a white person with whom he would rather associate than myself.

My many sterling traits of mind and character appealed to him so much that he actually pined for my society. In fact, rather than miss chumming with me, at least part of the time, the enamored Mr. Wilson offered me \$1 per night to sit beside him on the box seat of the hack and converse on general topics. As he was willing to pay for society, and I needed the money, I consented to brighten the life of Mr. Wilson as long as this pleasing duty did not interfere with my engagements among the stalls.

Night after night at 8 o'clock the hack rolled out of the stable with Mr. Wilson and I sitting side by side on the box. When waiting at the stand in front of a saloon he allowed me to curl up on the cushions and sleep, while Mr. Wilson stood at the bar and drank milk punches. Sometimes he favored me with one of those invigorating beverages. But with a rare inside I had to be on the box. Most of the time I drove through the dimly lighted streets at the request of Mr. Wilson, who assured me that all great hackmen had to learn to handle the ribbons at some time or another, and that he took genuine pleasure in teaching me.

The nights, even in Southern Texas, are chilly, and I had no overcoat, but my friend bought me one just like his own. He said that if I caught cold and died my folks in Monmouth, Ill., would never forgive him. He also gave me a hat that resembled his.

Along toward 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning business grew quiet, and Mr. Wilson had me drive him home. He lived on the other side of town, two miles from the stable, but he trusted me implicitly with the task of taking the team back. Arriving at his house, Mr. Wilson handed me a silver dollar, and, followed by an affectionate "Good-night, my boy," I drove through the middle of the town to the stable.

Those lonely trips were proud epochs in my young life. With coat collar up and hat brim down, I fancied that my clever handling of the reins led boozey rounders to mistake me for the gifted Mr. Wilson. For a couple of weeks I enjoyed these thrills, and then one night the hackman failed to call for the team. About 10 o'clock I strolled uptown. A crowd had collected in and around the Morgue, and I, too, went in. On a slab in the back room rested my friend, Mr. Wilson, with four Winchester bullets in him. From the talk I learned that he and his hack had been mixed up in an abduction case from another town. Mr. Wilson expected the avengers, but he didn't know just when, and I—cheerful and ingenuous idiot—consented to pose as a living breast-works and substitute for the modest sum of \$1 per night, not in advance. But the bolated avengers picked him out that evening on the way to the stable, and this is why I maintain that a special Providence does watch over idiots, drunken men and boys.

CHARLES DRYDEN.

### A Wail from the Black Hills.

Spearfish, S. D., Jan 25 1897

Mr. Editor: Dear Sir, I want to make a few suggestions through your columns to the people that print the inside of our weekly newspaper, and have you send a while and consider the importance of the contents of this letter to the people of this section as well as our town editor before you fire this in the basket. The outside of our paper that is the part printed here is all right it tells us all about Ragged Top, speaks of the \$1300 are also of verticles, deer veins, blanket formation in the 2nd and 3rd contact all about the fossils in wells cellers and in foundations of houses but the inside appears very tame to us people of a mining land and we are all miners from miners down.

The first column on the inside begins with a piece of poetry about Christmas or Spring and the column ends with a few verses of some patent medicine. The next two columns are filled with a continued story and the fourth is headed Farm and Garden. Now if the poetry continued story and medicine talk can't be pinched out why not have the fourth column headed Mine and Mill and have underneath it a place of valuable testimonials from leading farmers, etc. How claims can be jumped without fear, then take out an Article Farm Entrance and replace it with a few verses of Cope's Mining laws, change How to keep eggs all winter, to How to thaw and powder safely. Put in place of How to make a potato seive a neat cut showing how to timber a shaft, Dump out Dairy Suggestions and say Suggestions to cheap miners under it in place of If a cow has a soor mouth treat very carefully, insert If a man misses the drill you are holding and honours the hammer, you get a good mine and drill continue work as soon as convenient.

I think you catch the idea regarding the kind of news that interests us down here, mining boom, and if you can persuade the people that print the inside of our paper to make the change we will send you a full claim in the Mineral Belt.

Yours truly

A. MINER

### Over the Teacups.

"What trying creatures men are!" sighed the little brunette. "Indeed they are," returned the tall blonde. "I don't suppose my husband is any more stupid than the rest of them, but—"

"Of course, he can never find anything. Oh, well, I expected that when I was married," broke in the little brunette.

"And as for remembering a message—"

"My goodness, you surely didn't expect that of him! Why, where were you brought up?"

"Of course, home to dinner at the same hour in two successive days," went on the tall blonde.

"He—"

"Would be an angel and not a man if he did that, dear. Fortunately for me, my cook has just been divorced. She expects nothing but depravity from one of the sterner sex, and it gives her a melancholy pleasure to serve the meat in cinders one day and the soup half cooked the next. I think she will teach Jack a little punctuality yet. But, speaking of messages, did I tell you what I had to wear on my head at Evelyn's wedding?"

"No, but speaking of that—"

"Well, I had taken him with me to the milliner's the day before, and to save my life I couldn't decide whether to take a hat or a bonnet. The matinee season is practically over, so it didn't really seem worth while to buy another large hat; on the other—"

"Which did you select?"

"Neither! I went home to think it over. Next morning I asked Jack to telephone the milliner that I'd take the hat; he said he understood, but to make sure I repeated my message six times, even calling to him as he turned the corner.

"The hat, dear, not the bonnet!"

"We married in the midst of the spoon craze."

"Well, and did?"

"Two hours later up came the bonnet, and it was so late that I had to take it. What do you think he said when I told him about it?"

"Don't ask me what a man!"

"Said that he didn't see any difference—they were both black!"

"Good gracious! No wonder women want to vote! How can a man make laws when he can't even be trusted with a message to the milliner! But, speaking of Evelyn's wedding, did you hear the awful thing my husband did about the present?"

"No; but I heard Evelyn say that she'd never speak to you again if she lived a hundred years."

"No danger of that; she has lived too many years already. Well, at first I was so shocked at the idea of her marrying so soon after her first husband's death that I said I wouldn't send anything."

"Quite right, dear; I felt."

"Yes, but when I found that she was marrying so well, I felt that I must not be too hard on her, so I decided to send something. You see, I keep my duplicate wedding presents for such occasions. We were married in the midst of the spoon craze, and it looked as if people expected us to move to the country and eat all our food with spoons."

"I know, dear; everybody was giving lamps the year I was married!"

"Yes; well, I had gone to the country for a few days, and I wrote to my husband to select some duplicate spoons and send them to Evelyn."

"And he forgot all about it?"

"Alas, no. He selected the set of after dinner coffee spoons Evelyn and her first husband had sent us! And then he actually said it was my fault for not attending to it myself!"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

### The Jestlers' Chorus.

"Row!" repeated the armless wonder. "Row!" The fat woman accused the living skeleton—they're engaged, you know—of being cold and indifferent, and that was all right enough. There was no trouble to speak of till the living skeleton came back at her and said it was all right enough for her, but it would hurt his reputation if he got too thick. Row? Gee, whizz!"—Detroit Journal.

"You won't win that race again—that is not as good a wheel as the one you rode."

"Never mind; these are the same legs that I had last year."—Chicago Record.

"Those people next door are still in their honeymoon."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, he goes shopping with her."—Chicago Record.

"Count, I shall want a little luncheon after the theatre."

"Yes, mon angel. Est is quite propale. But may I ask one small question?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"At which restaurant does your worthy father run a bill?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Broker—I am sorry, sir, that prices changed and you lost, but we could not help it. We got our quotations by cable.

The Broken—Yes—cable car, I suppose.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Hamlet Hamfat—The world is mine oyster. Junius Brutus Rantur (gazing down the track at an approaching blizzard)—And you seem to be taking it raw.—Cleveland Leader.

World Feel Like Gage and Sherman (Chicago Dispatch).

It is believed that Mr. Cullen would be willing to quit looking like Lincoln long enough to feel like Lyman J. Gage or John Sherman a day or two.

Sherman's Arcities. [St. Louis Republic].

Consistent caricatures should depict "Joe-Wagon" John Sherman's Senatorial shoes as arcities.

Sherman's Mind. [Washington Post].

Of course, if John Sherman should decide to fill out his term, there would be no Senatorial vacancy for Mr. Bushnell to fill.

Business Item. [Detroit Tribune].

There's big money in it for the man who gets the kinetoscope privileges for that Ohio Senatorial fight.

## Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

A gentleman whose experience with wandering noblemen has been interesting and varied read what was published in this column about Count Bernstoff, of Barrisown, renowned, and remarked:

"That Bernstoff was one of the most credulous chaps that I ever encountered in my life. That is to say, like a great many others of his class, he would believe anything except plain, common-sense truth, and was always sure he knew more about this country than I, an American, do. One day he informed me with great pride that he had been invited to a dinner that was to be given in honor of a certain Prince Edoloff, who was at that moment in New York ostensibly for the purpose of wooing